GRANT.

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WM OLAND BOURNE.

Muffle the drums, comrades ! out thefte summoned by the Grand Com-

unit of the ranks of mortals, Within the shining portals, by a stall the stars, where walk the blest, Eathed in the glory of eternal rest. Maffle them deep, comrades! That in the Dead March to the tomb, With our souls o'erwhelmed in gloom,

They may be dumb But our heart-throbs shall beat time. In the requiem sublime,

To tell the waiting angels that we come. His tent-door is closed, comrades ! and pound and over it are seals and shadows Placed by the tender hands that closed the lid in the grand eyes, that in the silence bid thur own to tenderness, and tears to fall I put the footprints where he late has trod, Waiting with patient trust and faith in God. it stood upon the hill,

Anent the top, and when the rising sun than thashing from the East, the hills and And broader plains below were pure and

and flushed in glory, and like him who

On Neba's mount, and caught one raptured of Canana's field, he saw diviner light, And knew his Promised Land.

The casket where he lived is dark and chill-The hips are silent, and the heart that beat With loyal fire, is lying cold and still, And on Life's battlefield, hir willing feet Obey the word divine, and halt in sorrow, To mount the radiant pathway of the mor-

Not till the latest on the roll of fame ! Not till the glories of the world shall fail Not till all human names shall die in flame, And lustrous deeds shall find Oblivion's

No crown of empire waited for his hand-No base ambition nerved his mighty will-No chains and shackles for his native land-No treasuries by royal crime to fill;

Which Freedom shall enshrine in endless

"Mustered out?" Not till the grandeur of his deeds shall lie In broken fragments 'neath the azure sky His words, his deeds, his life shall teach the

Peace, Truth and Love, and Freedom's regal And millions yet to come in every land Shall own the impress of his high command.

"Promoted ?".....Yes ! From the lone cottage to the Nation's shield From his first grade to Captain on the field Whence, from the war's red path he turned

To where with cherished ones he loved to Yet when his country called, with instant He swiftly sped the gathering foes to meet; With courage strong-with purpose high-

Inspired with love-with silent self-control, From grade to grade, the victor's wreath he

You know the story, comrades! From the walled city on the lofty banks Of the great river, flashed on trembling wires The thrilling words, "GRANT IS IN VICKS-Twas the same day, when Lee, with broken

Fell back from Gettysburg; And o'er the land were kindled up the fires,

Well-nigh burnt out Amid the anguish-doubt, And the wide North knelt down and offered

With the loud shout of heroes on the field, And the hot tears of veterans bruised and And worshiped God, who had the triumph

Promoted?".....Yes! From West to East; and when the flashing Was placed within his hand, that glorious

When Richmond fell, and peace once more His gentle words to those who went their

Were victories of love, worth more than Trimphs of joy, worth more than wild brig-

From the stained field, to take the highest In Freedom's temple, and in council meet

In build more firm and strong The radiant fane where glory shall prolong Her victory in quenchless fire and song.

"Promoted?".....Yes! Imp rial Citizen of every clime! Illustrious in War-in Peace supreme! Pre-eminent among the men of time,

All around the world, the world its honor Her kings gave welcome, and her princes

Whose lustrous path was like a wondrous

While empires, States and cities freely laid Their tributes at his feet, with peans loud His deeds transplendent were their highest

In him they saw the Nation of the West; His words were gems-his thoughts were From the deep fount of wisdom in his

The splendid pageant passed—beneath the

Of all the earth, he finds eternal rest. Muffle the drums, Comrades!

So that in the Dead March to the tomb, With our souls o'erwhelmed in gloom, They shall be dumb; But our heart-throbs shall keep time,

In the requiem sublime, To tell the waiting angels we have come.

A ympathy with the pains and pleasures of others is the foundation of our social

GRANT AND LONGSTREET. A CONFEDERATE GENERAL'S REMINISCENCES

OF THE GREAT UNION COMMANDER. APTER WASHINGTON, THE HIGHEST TYPE OF MANHOOD AMERICA HAS EVER PRODUCED."

From The New York Times. "He was the truest as well as the bravest man that ever lived," was the remark made by Gen. James Longstreet, when he was seen by The Times correspondent, at his home in Gainesville, Ga. "Ever since 1839," said he, "I have been on terms of the closest intimacy with Grant. I well remember the fragile form which answered to his name in that year. His distinguishing trait as a cadet was a girlish modesty; a hesitancy in presenting his own claims; a taciturnity born of his modesty; but a thoroughness in the accomplishment of whatever task was assigned him. As I was of large and robust physique I was at the head of most larks and games. But in these young Grant never joined because of his delicate frame. In horse-

like the fabled centaur.

manship, however, he was noted as the

most proficient in the academy. In

fact, rider and horse held together

THE TWO LIEUTENANTS. "In 1842 I was attached to the Fourth Infantry as Second Lieutenant. A year later Grant joined the same regiment, stationed in that year at Fort Jefferson, 12 miles from St. Louis. The ties thus formed have never been broken; but there was a charm which held us together of which the world has never heard. My kinsman, Mr. Frederick Dent, was a substantial farmer living near Fort Jefferson. He had a liking for army officers, due to the fact that his son Fred was a pupil at West Point. One day I received an invitation to visit his house in order to meet young Fred, who had just returned, and I asked Grant to go with me. This he did, and of course was introduced to the family, the last one to come being Miss Julia Dent, the charming daughter of our host. It is needless to say that we saw but little of Grant during the rest of the visit. He paid court in fact with such assiduity as to give rise to the hope that he had forever gotten over his diffidence. Five years later, in 1848, after the usual uncertainties of à soldier's courtship, Grant returned and claimed Miss Dent as his bride. I had been married just six months at that time, and my wife and I were among the guests at the wedding. Only a few months ago Mrs. Grant recalled to my memory an incident of our Jofferson life that was connected with Gen. Grant's courtship. Miss Dent had been escorted to the military balls so often by Lieut. Grant that, on one occasion, when she did not happen to go with Till Freedom conquered, and the work was him, Lieut. Hoskins went up to her and asked, with a pitiful expression on his face: "Where is the small man

with the large epaulets?" IN THE FIELD OF DUTY. "In 1844 the Fourth Regiment was ordered to Louisiana to form part of the army of observation. Still later we formed part of the army of occupation in Corpus Christi, Texas. Here, removed from all society, without books or papers, we had an excellent opportunity of studying each other. I and every one else always found Grant resolute and doing his duty in a single manner. His honor was never suspected, his friendships were true, his hatred of guile was pronounced, and his detestation of tale-bearers was, I may say, absolute. The soul of honor himself, he never even suspected others either then or years afterward. He could not bring himself to look upon the rascally side of human nature.

"While we remained in Corpus Christi an incident illustrating Grant's skill and fearlessness as a horseman occurred. The Mexicans were in the habit of bringing in wild horses, which they would sell for two or three dollars. These horses came near costing more than one officer his life. One day a particularly furious animal was brought in. Every officer in the camp had declined to purchase the animal except Grant, who declared he would either break the horse's neck or his own. He had the horse blindfolded, bridled, and saddled, and when firmly in the saddle he threw off the blind, sunk his spurs into the horse's flanks, and was soon out of sight. For three hours he rode the animal over all kinds of ground, through field and stream, and when horse and rider returned to camp the horse was thoroughly tamed. For two years afterward the story of Grant's ride was related at every camp fire in the country. During the Mexican war we were separated, Grant having been made Quartermaster of the Fourth Regiment, while I was assigned to duty as Adjutant of the Eight. At the battle of Molino del Rey, however, I had occasion to notice his superb cour-

was alluded to in the official reports. PAYMENT OF A DEBT OF HONOR. "In the long days of our stay in Louisiana and Texas;" continued Gen. | produced."

age and coolness under fire. So notice-

able was his bearing that his gallantry

Longstreet, "we frequently engaged in the game of brag and five cent anteand similar diversions. We instruct ed Grant in the mysteries of these games, but he made a poor player. The man who lost seventy five cents in one day was esteemed in those times a peculiarly unfortunate person. The games often lasted an entire day. Years later, in 1858, I happened to be in St. Louis, and there met Captain Holloway and other army chums. We went into the Planters' Hotel to talk over old times, and it was soon proposed to have an old-time game of brag, but it was found that we were one short of making up a full hand Wait a few minutes, said Holloway. and I will find some one. In a few minutes he returned with a man taxerly dressed in citizens' clothes, and in whom we recognized our old friend Grant. Going into civil life Grant had been unfortunate, and he was really in needy circumstances. The next day I was walking in front of the Planters when I found myself face to face again with Grant who, placing in the palm of my hand a five-dallar gold piece insisted that I should take it in pay ment of a debt of honor over fifteen years old. I peremptorily declined to take it, alleging that he was out of the service and more in need of it than I 'You must take it,' said he, 'I cannot

THE MEETING AT APPOMATTOX. "The next time we met," said General Longstreet, "was at Appomattox, and the first thing that General Grant said to me when we stepped aside placing his arm in mine, was: 'Pete, (a sobriquet of mine) let us have another game of brag, to recall the old days that were so pleasant to all of us.' Great God! thought I to myself, how my heart swells out to such a magnanimous touch of humanity! Why do men fight who were born to

which is not mine.' Seeing the de

order to save him mortification, I took

the money, and shaking hands we

"During the war my immediate command had engaged the troops of Grant but once at the Battle of the Wilderness. We came into no sort of personal relations, however. In the spring of 1865, one day, while awaiting a letter from Gen. Grant, Gen. Lee said to me: 'There is nothing ahead of us but surrender.' It was as one of the Commissioners appointed to arrange the terms of peace that I met Gen. Grant at Appomattox. His whole greeting and conduct toward us was as though nothing had ever happened to mar our pleasant rela-

FRIENDSHIP AFTER THE WAR. "In 1866 I had occasion to visit Washington on business, and while there made a call of courtesy on Gen. Grant at his office. As I arose to leave he followed me out into the hallway and asked me to spend an evening with his family. I passed a most enjoyable evening. When leaving Grant again accompanied me into the hallway and said: 'General, would you like to have an amnesty?' Wholly unprepared for this I replied that I would like to have it, but had no hope of getting it. He told me to write out my application and to call at his office at noon the next day, and meantime he would see President Johnson and Secretary Stanton in my behalf. When I called he had already seen them, and he assured me that there was not an obstacle in the way. He indorsed my application by asking that it be grant-

"In the January before he was inaugurated President for the first time I paid him a passing friendly visit. He then said to me: "Longstreet, I want you to come and see me after I am inaugurated, and let me know what you want.' After the inauguration was walking up the avenue one day to see him when I met a friend who informed me that the President had sent in my name for confirmation as Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans. For several weeks the nomination hung in the Senate, when I went to Grant and begged him to withdraw the nomination, as I did not want his personal friendship for me to embarrass his Administration. Give yourself no uneasiness about that,' he said; 'the Senators have as many favors to ask of me as I have of them, and I will see that you are confirmed.'

ed as a special personal favor to him-

"From what I have already told you," said Gen. Longstreet, in conclusion, "it will be seen that Grant was a modest man, a simple man, a man believing in the honesty of his fellows, true to his friends, faithful to traditions, and of great personal honor. When the United States District Court in Richmond was about to indict Gen. Lee and myself for treason, General Grant interposed and said: 'I have pledged my word for their safety. This stopped the wholesale indictments of ex-Confederate officers which would have followed. Gen. Grant was thoroughly magnanimous, was above all petty things and small ideas, and, after Washington, was the highest type of manhood America has ever "MRS. PARTINGTON."

A VISIT TO P. B. SHILLABER AT HIS HOME IN CHELSEA

A Gental Invalid-Bearing the Burden of Thirty lears' Kheumatic Troubles-Experience of the Pioneer of American Newspaper Wits.

Beston For New York Tribune.

Mr. Shinaler is over 70, and if not a giant

the tends in a good man, weighing 300 panil. Int with all his mental machinery a radia at a shall sher is a cripple. For riv years reumatism has been on terms the strang was is him, and in the autumn of sign of his lower of that time he has not been out-I the apartments which serve as his mater and study. L. comotion, save in a and I hair, is impressible with him | He golder tind nor walk, but, while in so to pe to he is as helpless as a babe, his seral health is sound, his appetite generas and his parits are unclouded. It is hard r a man of his activity, one who as for half a century been a use jurnalist, to be mured up between four walls and confined to a sort of gigantic perambulator, but Shillaber never complains. He accepts the situation philser icaly and he tempers his philosophy with interturbable good nature. "Ache on." he avs. apostrophizing his altogether useless legs, "I can stand it if you can." Some of the funpie-t of Mrs. Partington's sayings have been written when he was suffering the most acute pain. He has a way of laughing off disease, and for days together will har lly give it a thought. The "mind cure" which has assumed such proportions in this vicinity that it is called the late-t "Boston craze," has been broached to Shillaber, and even tried, but, while he believes in it- general efficacy and points with satisfaction to the marvelous recovery of certain old neighbors, his faith is not domlive with anything in my possession inant enough to remove his own disability. Mr. Shillaber bought the little house in Chel-ea, the sleepiest of Boston's suburbs, termination in the man's face, and in over thirty years ago. To it he brought his wife, in it his children were born, and from it some of them have been carried to their long rest in the quiet churchyard, Two years ng his wife died and his children endeavored to persuade him to sell the place and live with them. But the old house has his allegiance. He loves every room in it. It is full of tender associations for him. In it he has written the lines that have made

> happiest days of his life. His study is a front room on the second floor. It is as unpretentious as its occupant and, indeed, it has the plain and homely aspect of Chel ea itself. In a large wheeled chair; in which he can propel himself to any part of - the room, Shillaber sits at his de-k through the greater part of the day. The desk itself is covered with a truly journalistic litter of papers and pens, books, ink bottles and p pes, for the master of the den is a fond smoker and the prevailing fragrance of the room is that of the soothing weed. Above the desk is a little bookshelf, on which are be-towed such volumes as Roget's Thesaurus of English Words, a Polyglot Bible, Noted Names of Fiction, and Webster's Unabridged. Oldfashioned engravings and photographs cover the walls, and over a menumental parlor stove hangs an oil painting of a wideawake young imp of mischief, who is rogui-hly pointing to the letters "IKE," newly carved on a mahogany table, with a cumbrous jackknife. This was sent to Shillaber in 48 or 49, soon after Mrs. Partington and her irrepressible son had become famous.

his reputation as one of the leading Ameri-

can humorist, and there he has spent the

The artist never disclosed himself, and Shillaber only knows that the picture came from Waterville, Me. Mr. Shillaber is the pioneer of American newspaper wits. When he started the Mrs. Partington papers he had the field to himself. Then the broad-ax and sledge-hammer vagaries which now pass for humor in the west were tangs undreamed of The "funny man" and the paragrapher had not made their debut in the daily press. Shillaber opened a career for these now indispensable adjuncts of journalism, and his Partingtonian squib was greeted with laugh-ter throughout the country and it create i a demand for more. The fame of Mrs. Partington was, in a sense, accidental. Shillaber never premeditated any such result, and his first Partingtonianism was merely a

fleeting fancy. It came to the light somewhere in 1847 or '48. He had just been appointed local reporter of The Boston Post, and in that capacity on the very first day of his service, and in the very first "copy" he wrote in the Hub, he penned the words that made him famou. He had long been delighted with Sydney Smith's description of a Mrs. Partington vainly mopping back the Atlantic ocean, and on the day of his entrance upon reportorial duties he chronicled in this fashion a rise in bread-tuffs, as advised in the European mail of that morning: "Mrs. Partington says that the price of breat may have advanced, but that she never pays More than 50 cents for half a dollar's worth." This was copied far and wide in all the newspapers of the country. Shillaber had written it with no idea of the re-ult and only as a bit of padding to fill out his column. Its reception surprised and pleased him, and thereafter he wrote desultory sayings of the kind upon the topics of the day, and presently he kept up a running fire of them. Mrs. Partington was quoted everywhere; the circulation of The Post increased. Col. Greene, the proprietor, wrote up from the country, "Who the deuce is Mrs. Partington?" But the identity of the good lady was concealed for

But Shillaber's reputation and labor never brought him riches. Journalists then as now worked harder and were paid less than men in any other profession. And Mrs. Partington could receive from Shillaber but little of the attention she deserved. He was the only local man upon The Post. All Boston he had to cover with his own eyes and his own pen, and frequently he was called to the composing-room to set up copy when work was pressing or hands were short. Shillaber is a journalist "from the word go." When he was a lad of 15 he left the public school of his native town, Portsmouth, and entered the office of The Dover Palla lium, a weekly journal that long ago gave up the ghost. He learned the printer's art in every detail, from manufacturing the rollers that ink the type to making up editor was away he wrote the "copy," put it in type, printed the sheets and delivered the papers to subscribers. When he came to Boston he worked for several years as type-setter on The Post, until the lucky day when he was made reporter and introduced

his Mrs. Partington to the world. Mr. Shillaber retired from active journalism in 1870. His old ogre, rheumatism, was steadily getting the better of him. But he has never entirely severed his connection with the press, and he is now sending weekly letters to The Hartford Post, over the signature of "The Old Man with the Cane." Shillaber's spirits are as buoyant as ever. His temperament is remarkably cheerful and sanguine, and he will not allow himself to think of his crippled state and burden. Though imprisoned in his Chelsea home he keeps thoroughly posted in the affairs of life. Visitors from the outer world are always welcomed by him, and the surest passport to his hospitality is for his caller to be a newspaper man. He prides himself upon having been a busy journalist, and while he is con-cious of the hardships of the profession he confesses to its many fa cinations. More than all, like Horace Greeley, he prides himself upon being a practical

printer. M. De Keroy's "Equipage."

[Galignani's Messenger.] Among the equipages at the Fate des Fleurs one not the least remarked was a low invalid's carriage drawn by two enormous sheep. The occupant and owner of this vehicle is M. de Keroy, a nephew and former secretary of Lamartine, and who, in his career, has distinguished himself as a soldier, traveler, journalist, and author. During the siege of Paris he went up in a balloon to carry dispatches, but was almost frezen to death, and only escaped with the loss of both legs. He now resides n Passey. and was a neighbor of Victor Hugo, who frequently stopped to caress the two sheep, and one New Year's day addressed to him some complimentary lines on his "team of ANECDOTES OF CLAY.

TOLD BY A DETROITER WHO WAS WITH HIM IN '49

The Great Kentuckian's Extraordinary Power with the Public-A Melodious Voice and Oratorical Gestures -A Striking Illustration.

Detroit Free Press "Henry Clay was one of the most fascinating men I ever met." said Norman J. Em-mons. "Your speaking of Niagara Falls reminds me of the time I met him there, away back in '49. I was then pretty y ung in the or feesion, with na very great income, and Jos Clark's invitation to spend a few days at the falls was hailed by me with all the satisfaction in the world. "Joe's father was Lot Clark, proprietor of

the Cataract house, and the owner of a big slies of other Niagara F. Ils property. When arrived there I found that among t " personal guests of the elder Clark were Henry Clay and his son's wife. You may magine that to live in the hou e with the great Kentuckian, to be in his somety daily and to be talked to by him, was a bonanza for me. "What was Clay like! Well, it is a hard master to describe him adequately, for words can never paint the exquisite charm of his manuer. Before I had been with him long I under tood his extraordinary tower with the public, but it is impossible for me to analyze it. In stature he was very tall, over six feet; his bearing was erect, his face was thin and his nose was aquittie. Every movement was the perfection of grace, and with that he unconsciously united a commanding dignity that bespoke the innate greatness of the man. "His voice! Ah, that was wonderful! I have never heard another like it—melotious, rich. Every tone was perfectly modulate; and it fell upon the ear with a sound sweeter than silver bells. His geture not the studied, oratorical gesture, but those

in conversation - were hardly e - x r s ive than his mary lous voice. You may think that I am drawing on my m on the or that I am over-enthusia-tie; bu it is nact that in all my career In ver not another man with such winning ways, such magnetism and charm as (Tay's, H) was impressive, too, even in his gallantres. "I remember that one of the la li- at the Cataract house on that occasion was Miss Elliott, daughter of Judge Eliott, woo presided over a large judicial di trecti i Canada. She was a feautiful girl, not more than 17 or 18 years of age-neither call nor woman. Her hair was raved black and worn in natural curls longer than any others I ever aw. She was tall, too, and superbly formed. Her education was remarkable and she atme one evening: 'Emmon', who is your friend, the young lady with the beautiful

which he habitually but my dust toll male

"That, Mr. Clay, is Miss Elliott, of Canada,' I replied. Till go fetch her. 'By no means, my dear boy, I'll go to er,' was the gallant response; and taking ny arm he crossed over with me to where he laly stood, and was presented to her. Considering the fact that he was the lion of the hour, an old man full of honor, and the dol of thousands, this characteristic little bit of good breeding has always se med to ne worth remembering.

"A few days later I had an equally striking Illustration of Mr. Clay's impressiveness. I had gone out early one morning to t e falls, and while contemplating them I elt the approach of somebody. There was n sound. not even a shadow, to warn me; but I knew that some one was at hand. I dilnet change ny position nor look aroun l, but pre ently felt a hand laid on my head. I think no word was spoken for possibly ten seconds. Then Mr. Clay (for it was be) said simply This scene fills me with unceasing wonder

"His voice, the solemn and maje tic imhe sudden rush of feeling which the scene, the presence and the sentiment evoked, made me appreciate the littleness of man and the greatness of God more than anything else in this life has done."

To Ascertain the Height of a Tree [Woods-and Forest.] Any person, however ill-informed, might easily get at the exact height of a tree when the sun shines or during bright moonlight by marking two lines on the ground, three et apart, and then placing in the ground on the line nearest the sun a stick that shall stand exactly three feet out of the soil. When the end of the shadow of the stick exactly touches the furthest line, then also the shadow of the tree will be exactly in length same measurement as its height. Of course, in such a case, the sun will be at an exact angle of 45 degrees. Measurements of this character could be fected best in the summer, when the sun

is powerful, has reached to a good height in the beavens, and when the trees are clothed with living green, so as to cast a dense hade. To many to whom this idea may not have occurred it might be made annually a matter of interest thus on warm summer days to take the height of prominent trees, and so to compare growth from ar to year.

How the Canadian Indians Fight.

A gentleman who has spent many years among the Indians and half-breeds in the northwest declared that they have attained remarkable proficiency in the use of the fle. Their aim is unerring, and they seliom fail to bring down their game. In years gone by, when a buffalo hunt was the great event in the life of these people, he had many opportunities of observing their skill. which was simply marvelous. On these occasions everything bearing in the remotest degree upon the chase was left to a captain, ho gave the word for the attack. Unthen not a move could be made. Sad havoc was made in the ranks of the buffalo by these natives of the prairie, although armed with only an old flint-rock rifle. Powder was carried in a horn, strung scross the shoulder, and the balls, thirtytwo to a pound, in the month. Thus equipped chase. After discharging his rifle, his steed was guided by the knee and kept running in the direction desired, the powder was deftly alipped into the chamber, and holding the barrel to his mouth the ball was dropped into its place; then striking the rifle across the knee, causing the ball and powder to come together, the hunter was again ready another shot. The loading of their fles is thus done in a moment. If with such poor and antiquated rifles such won-derful results were accomplished it is not difficult to account for the deadly effects of their fire in the Duck Lake fight, armed as they were with the most improved weapons modern warfare.

Grumblers a Hundred Years Ago. [Cor. Baltimore American.]

One hundred years ago there was very little joy in this country. No mention of any Fourth of July celebration is made in the papers of that time, and it seems that the day was allowed to pass without recognition. This is largely accounted for by the fact that the people then were in sore traits for money. The newspapers of July 1785 are filled with complaints about hard imes. One of them gave vent as follows: "We are going to the Devil as fast as we n-Our Money is gone-Our Trade is ruine 1-Our Countrymen are no longer virthous, and our Countrywomen are no longer industrious." As a remedy for this, the editor says to the ladies: "Strip off your Trash and put it

in the fire-Get up at 5 o'clock in the Morning, and, instead of Sauntering your time way in the Mall with a Parcel of idle young Fellows, take a Broom in your Hand and sweep out the House." To the gentlemen he speaks more briefly. He says: "Instead of opening your Store

at 9 o'clock, rise at the Dawn of Day." This shows that there were pessimists 100 years ago just as there are to-day,

LEGAL NOTICES.

DUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of a warrant issued by the Township Committee of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, bearing date the 22d day of July; 1885, to make the unpaid taxes assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate in said township in the year 1883, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for the said township will on

WEDNESDAY. THE TWENTY-THIRD-DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT.

at the hour of 2 P M, at his office in Dodd's building tilenwood avenue, in said township, sell the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate hereunder described at public vendue, for the shortest term, 'not exceeding thirty years, for which any person or persons will agree to take the same, and pay such taxes with the interest thereon, from the 20th day of October. A. D One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Eighty-three, together with all costs, fees, charges and expenses.

. DISTRICT NO. 1.

4 Ackerman, est of Abram one house, 10 acres on west side of road to Franklin

4 Dodd, Reuben N. and Bro., 52 acres, west side Paterson road 80,64 8 Kent, Lyman B., one house, 30 acres, n. J. T. Garabrant, formerly, e. Peter S. Garabrant, s. Morris Canal. w. J. T. Gar-

abrant, formerly 2 Kierstend, est. Isaac, one house, 70 acres, ii. James Van Winkle, e. road to Franklin, s. H. and J. Van Winkle, w. Morris

Canal and Fhird River. ... 70.56 Van Gieson, Angustus T. 1 house 444 acres, n. Paterson road & road past D. R. church, c. A. Garabrant, w. lands formerly J. H. Hight

76 Lyon, Wm. I house, 28 acres, part of farm formerly belonging to Miss Cyrmtha Van Win-Winkle, w. side Paterson road 36,28 134 Van Riper, John, 1 house, 11 acres, e. side Paterson road, s. of Wilbur Brokaw 19.02

DISTRICT NO. 2.

287 Smith, Thos. (formerly Finch) Stores cor. Bloomfield avenue and Orange st., n. Orange st. e. James R. Finch, s. Wm, A. Freeman, w. Bloomfield ave . 53.00

318 Groshong, est. Peter, 1 house, Broad st. w. Ball est 13.78 388 Hayes, Simeon R. 1 house, Monroe Place, north side, formerly T. E. Hayes. 40.28 426 Kent, Aaron H. one house, 7

acres, n. Old Road, e. Jacob Ritchie, s. est. C. Farrand, w. formerly W. Wright 69.34 475 McDowell, Chas., one house, n. Canal st., e. est. J. M. Bonnell s. and. w. Montclair Railway 42.40

577 Peck, Gilbert H., one house, n. Beach st., e. and s. I. C. Ward w. Ed. Ward 57.18 760 Weeks, est.Dr. Cyrus, about one acre, n. Franklin st., e. & s. est. Cyrus Weeks, w D. M. Day 14.84 783 Edward S. Wilder 2 tracts—1st. e. side Ridgewood ave, n. Mtc. Railroad, e. Cemetery, s. West

Belleville ave. w. Ridgew. ave 154.16 Tract, n. Geo. Mann. or Benson e. Ridgewood ave. s. Kate V. Rudd and Benson, w. Benson

DISTRICT NO. 3.

Boyne, James, jr., 1 house, east side Canal, near Plane..... 18,46 8 Boyne, James, 1 house, s. side Spring st. 12.58 51 Cunningham, Pat'k, 1 h. Liberty st 9.54 65 Dunbar, Dominic, 1 lot, Cross st. 2.59 104 Gillespie, est, of, 114 acres, 1 h.

road leading from Bloomfield to Franklin...... 159.00 121 Higgins, Thomas, 1 house, n. Liberty st., e. Hickory st., s Powers, w. Canal 6.36 150 Manley, Mrs. Thomas. 1 house, 12 acres, n. side Belleville ave 67.28

158 Monegan, est. Philip, 1 house, Montgomery st, north side . . . 13.64 163 Madison, Mrs. Wm. J., 2 lots, Orchard st., west side 4.66 172 O'Conner, Thomas, one house, east side of Canal, near Plane. 5.74

230 Van Winkle, Cornelius, 1 house, Montgomery street 25.44 231 VanWinkle, Eliza and Sarah, 1 h. and store, Montgomery st .. 42.90 232 Van Winkle, Moses, 1 house, 31 acres, Montgomery st. n. side. 21.14

DISTRICT NO. 4.

86 Condit, Mrs. George, 1 house and lot north side Thornton st., w. 97 Corby, Emmons B., 1 house and lot, Washington st., n. Washington st., e. Mut. Ben. Life Ins. Co., P. Geib and Arthur Spragg, s. Arthur Spragg and

Railroad Co. w. Railroad Co. . 75.70 Eveland, est. of Samuel, 1 house Linden ave., n. Ed. Hall and Chas, M. Lockwood, e. Wm. Myers, s. Glenwood ave., w. Thomas st...... 29.26 Groshong, Mrs. F. A. 1 house 1st north side, n. C. W. Powers

and Riley Bond, s. First st., w. Mrs. Degnan 21.20 317 Hayes, Mrs. Nora, 1 house, Linden ave., n. Linden ave., e. Ward. st. s. Maolis ave. w. Adrian Dickerson 78.94

428 Mitchell, Mortimer, two houses, Nos. 7 and 8, s. side Lake st. 30.08 481 O'Brien, Francis, 1 house, Willow st., n. Geo. Dodd. e. est. John Strrng, s. Willow st., w. C. Frank...... 20.08

Shiel, Ed., I house n. side of st. leading from Peloubet's factory to Railroad 4.48 Walsh, James L., 1 house, n. Woodland ave., e. Ridgewood ave., s. and w. Kate V. Darwin 134,56

Payment must be made before the conclusion of the sale; otherwise the property will be immediately resold. The whole amount of tax, interest and cost will be made known on the day of sale. Witness my hand and seal this 14th day of August, A., D. 1885.

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